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STORMING A REDOUBT.

[Translated from the French.]

I joined my regiment on the evening of the 4th of October. I found the colonel at the bivouac. He received me at first rather coldly; but having read my letter of introduction from General B., his manner changed and he treated me with great kindness.

He presented me to my captain, who that moment returned from a reconnoitering. The captain, with whom I had hardly had time to get acquainted, was a tall dark man with harsh and repulsive features. He had been a common soldier, and had gained his epaulettes and cross on the field of battle. His voice which was hoarse and weak, contrasted singularly with the almost gigantic proportions of his person. I was told that this singular voice was owing to a bullet having gone completely through him at the battle of Jena.

Learning I was from the Military Academy of Fontainebleau, he made a very face, and said, "My lieutenant was killed yesterday." I understood his meaning, which was: "you are to take his place, and will be but a poor substitute." A stern reply arose to my lips but I restrained myself.

The moon arose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situated about two cannons shot from our bivouac. It was large and red, as is usual at its rising, that evening it appeared of an extraordinary size. For a moment the outlines of the redoubt were visible upon its shining disk; it resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier near me noticed the color of the moon. "It is very red," said he, "sure sign the famous redoubt will cost us much blood." I was always superstitious, and this prophecy at this particular time affected me a great deal. I laid down but could not sleep. I rose and walked about some time, looking at the immense line of fires which crowned the heights beyond the village of Cheverino. When I found the cold and piercing night air had sufficiently cooled my blood, I returned to the fire, wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and closed my eyes in the hope of not opening them again until daybreak; but sleep fled from me, my thoughts incessantly took a morbid tinge. I reflected I had not a single friend among the hundred thousand men that covered the plain. If wounded, I should be taken to the hospital, and fall into the hands of ignorant surgeons. All I had heard said of surgical operations rushed to my mind; my heart beat tumultuously and mechanically: I arranged my pocket book and handkerchief as a kind of defence to my breast. I was overcome with fatigue, and every moment fell into a doze, but a melancholy thought darting through my brain, would wake me with a start.

At last I lost all consciousness, and slept soundly till dawn of reveille. We then formed the line, roll was called, muskets piled, and every thing announced we were to pass a quiet day.

Towards three o'clock, an aid-de-camp arrived with orders. We resumed our arms; the skirmishers spread themselves in the plain; we followed slowly, and at the end of twenty minutes we saw the Russian outpost fall back and enter the redoubt. A brigade of artillery took possession on our right, and another on our left, but considerably in advance of us. They opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, who replied with vigor, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost sheltered from the Russian fire by an elevation of ground, and as it was chiefly directed against the artillery, their balls either went over our heads, or at most centered some dust and small stones among us. As soon as the command was given to march forward, my captain looked at me with a degree of attention that obliged me to pass my hand two or three times over my budding mustache, with as careless an air as I could command. However, I was not afraid, and my only anxiety was to look as unconcerned as possible. These harmless balls helped to keep me heroically indifferent. Vanity told me I was running great danger, since I was under the fire of a battery. I was delighted to find myself so much at my ease, and I thought of the pleasure of relating the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino in the saloons of Madame St. Luxan in Province street.

The colonel passed before our company; he addressed himself to me, "Well, said he, 'you are likely to see a bloody day for your debut.' I smiled with a martial air, as I brushed from my coat sleeve some dust that had blown upon it. It appears that the Russians perceived the bad success of their balls, and determined to dislodge us by throwing some shells into the hollow in which we were. A large piece of one

of them carried off my shako, and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shako, "you have nothing more to fear for this day." I was not acquainted with this military superstition, which thinks that non bis in idem, is an axiom on a field of battle, as well as in a court of justice. I put on my shako with an air; "these fellows make you salute without any ceremony," said I as gaily as I could. The witicism, considering the circumstances, appeared excellent. "I congratulate you," said the captain, "you will not be hit again, and will command a company this evening; I feel the oven is heating for me. Every time I have been wounded, the officer next to me has received some spent ball," and added he, in a lower tone, "their names always begin with a V."

I pretended indifference; many would have acted like myself; and few would not like me have been struck with these prophetic words. Conscript as I was, I felt I could not impart my feelings to any one, and that all I had to do was to appear cool and unconcerned.

In half an hour's time the fire of the Russians diminished sensibly, we then left our position to march upon the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the redoubt on the side of the defile; the two others were to give the assault. I was in the third battalion.

When we left the kind of hollow that protected us, we were saluted with several discharges of musketry which did not do us much injury. The whistling of the bullets surprised me; I often turned my head aside, and thus attracted some jokes from my comrades, more accustomed to the sound than myself. "Altogether," said I to myself, "a battle is not so terrible after all."

We advanced rapidly preceded by our skirmishers: suddenly the Russians gave three hurrahs, and remained silent, and without firing a gun. "I like not this silence," said my captain, "it bodes no good." I thought our soldiers a little too noisy, and could not help comparing to myself their tumultuous clamors with the imposing silence of the enemy.

We soon reached the foot of the redoubt, the palisades were broken and the ground ploughed up by our balls. The soldiers rushed towards the ruins with shouts of "Long live the Emperor," louder than I had expected to hear from people who had already shouted so much.

I raised my eyes, and never shall I forget the sight that presented itself. The greater part of the smoke had risen, and remained hanging like a canopy over the fortification, at the height of about twenty feet, through a bluish vapor you perceived behind their half ruined parapet, the Russian grenadiers with presented arms, motionless as statues I think I still see each soldier his left eye fixed upon us his right concealed by his musket. In an embrasure, a few feet from us stood a man with a lighted match beside a cannon.

I shuddered, and thought my last hour had come. "The jig will soon begin," exclaimed my captain; good night!—these were the last words I heard him utter.

A rolling of drums was heard in the redoubt. I saw the guns levelled. I shut my eyes and heard a horrible crash, followed by shouts and groans. I opened my eyes surprised to find myself yet alive. The redoubt was now enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded with the dead and wounded. My captain lay stretched at my feet, his head shattered by a ball and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of all my company only six men and myself remained.

A momentary pause succeeded this carnage. The colonel, placing his hat on the point of his sword, was the first to leap the parapet, shouting "Long live the Emperor!" he was immediately followed by all the survivors. I have no distinct recollection of what followed. We entered the redoubt, I know not how. The struggle was betwixt man and man, in the midst of so thick a smoke, that hardly any thing could be distinguished. I suppose I must have borne my part, for my sabre was covered with blood. At last I heard the cry of victory! and the smoke going off, I saw the ground swimming with blood and covered with the dead. About 200 men in the French uniform were grouped around: some loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets—eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was reclining all bloody upon a broken carriage gun. Some soldiers were crowding around him. I approached: "where is the oldest captain?" asked he of a sergeant. The sergeant, rugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the oldest Lieutenant?" "This gentleman who arrived yesterday," said the sergeant with a calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. Come sir, said he, you are commander in chief, fortify the redoubt as quickly and as strongly as possible, for the enemy is still in force; but Gen. C. will support us. "Colonel," exclaimed I, "you are badly wounded." "Never mind, my dear fellow, the redoubt is ours."

Why is the wing of a gander like a man chopping wood. Dye give it up? Because it (?) is a he-wing, (hewing.)—Lowell Journal.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Republican.

BONES OF THE GIGANTIC MASTODON.

Don, improperly called MAMMOTH, found in the vicinity of Nashville.—Communicated by G. Tabor, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, etc. in the University of Nashville.

Many conjectures have been formed respecting the first inhabitants of our happy country, and several hypotheses have been advanced to determine their origin.—Whether they came from Asia or Africa—whether they were the same race as our present Indians, or whether they belonged to more enlightened races of men. Although these investigations extend, comparatively speaking, over but a short space of time, we are nevertheless quite in the dark, and can only form some probable conjectures concerning them.

We can, however, speak with more certainty of beings which inhabited this country during a more remote period of time—beings which are not only anterior to historical record, but perhaps anterior to the existence of man. I allude to some large animals, the remains of which we find at present in several parts of the United States, and although several species have been found, only one, the largest of them, the gigantic Mastodon, seems to have been peculiar to this country.

I learned, accidentally, a few weeks since, that some large bones had been found near Liberty Meeting-House, in Williamson county, on the farm of Mr. Thomas Holt. I went immediately to the place, but I was already too late to prevent the mutilation and destruction of these relics. I engaged some men to dig for the remaining portions, and found yet the under jaw-bone, and several fragments of other bones. Mr. H. had the kindness to offer me the whole collection, which is composed of fragments of ribs, the atlas and several other vertebrae, a scapula, the head of the humerus, ulna, femur and tibia, with fragments of the bones—the radius, several bones of the tarsus and carpus, with the meta tarsal and meta carpal bones, most of the latter entire, as well as some phalanges. On the under jaw-bone, the coronoid apophyses are wanting, it has one of its teeth, while of the other the crown is broken off, and the roots alone remain. I obtained only a small fragment of a tusk, the whole being crumbled to pieces.—The parts of the skeleton which are in my possession, are pretty sound, and partly penetrated with hydrate of iron, which makes them very heavy. There seems to be no doubt, that the whole animal was there before it underwent decomposition, as the bones were found in a space not larger than about twenty feet square; nevertheless they lay without any order, and it is probable that they were a long while on the surface before they were buried; which must account for the disappearance of some large bones as part of the head and pelvis.

The animal to which these bones belonged must have been very old; not only the external thick enamel of the transverse eminences of the maxillary teeth has entirely disappeared, but the whole of these eminences are worn down so that the crown is nearly flat; and shows only four large irregular transverse lobes, formed by the basis of the before mentioned eminences.

These bones were found about half a mile from Liberty Meeting-House, north-east-corner of Williamson county, about 11 miles south-east of Nashville. They were embedded in a rich black mould, resting on a stiff ferruginous loam. I found in the black part some pieces of ferruginous sandstone, or rather grains of sand agglutinated by hydrate of iron. It is a small run or rivulet which carries off the water in the vicinity towards Mill creek, and is mostly dry. The surrounding country is generally more or less rolling, with small hills. The place where the bones are found lies between two elevations. They lie not quite three feet under the surface; in fact, the head of the femur long since projected above ground, and was used in rainy seasons when the run contained water, for a step to cross it, there being a road there also for carts and wagons; which must have fractured many of the bones.

A few years ago another skeleton, or part of one, was found not far from the place mentioned above, on the premises of Dr. Webb, near the Harpeth river. It lay about six feet under ground, on limestone. It was discovered by digging for the sinking of a tan vat, and lay in a stiff sandy clay or loam, in a place somewhat lower than the above mentioned skeleton.—The bones were destroyed by the laborers except a few fragments which are now in my possession, and for which I am indebted to the kindness of Dr. Webb.—They are the extreme point of a tusk, the crown of a tooth, a small tooth, and some fragments of bones. Judging from this crown they belonged to a young adult animal; the transverse eminences are perfect, only the enamel of the small tooth is partly worn off. The bones were much altered, and some crumbled to dust as soon as they were exposed to the action of the air; the tusk is very much of a chalky nature.

I have in my cabinet another small tooth, which was found near Dandridge, Jefferson co. E. Tennessee, and I am told a bone of a Mastodon was found in digging for brick clay in the brickyard of Mr. Arnet, of our city.

Remains of the Elephant found in Tennessee.

Besides the remains of the Mastodon, we find those of an extinct species of Elephant, called by Blumenbach *Elephas primigenius*. It is the real Mammoth; at least if our fossil Elephant be analogous to the one found in Siberia. If it be the same, it must have had a different appearance from the living species of the present day; as the one which was found in Siberia under ice, had a thick coat of wool and hair.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Littlefield, one of the members of our Senate, for a molar tooth of this animal. I cannot say any thing of the situation in which it was deposited. It was discovered after a freshet on the banks of Green's Lick creek—a little creek running across the plantation of Mr. L. and falling into Duck river a few miles below Columbia, Maury county. This tooth is much altered; its enamel is brittle and has lost much of its original constituents—it being now soluble in nitric acid, under a constant and brisk effervescence.

WOODEN CLOCKS. The versatile genius peculiar to the Yankees is found in no place under the sun, so widely spread as in the land of Connecticut. Here the inventive spirit which first ushered wooden clocks into existence saw the light, and here the wheels of this business have continued to revolve with accelerated speed until the present day. In the town of Plymouth alone, we are informed, not less than fifteen thousand wooden clocks are made annually, and one individual in that town has acquired a fortune of nearly \$200,000 by this business. One day last week, thirty handsome wagons, with two horses each started from Plymouth, for one of the southern cities, on a clock-peddling excursion. About three hundred wooden time-keepers, all warranted to go, were shipped recently for Baltimore or Richmond, where these wagons are assembled, load up and disperse over the southern country. When their supply is exhausted they resort to the city depot, and when that is out, Connecticut manufacturers replenish it again. The original cost of these wooden vessels, is about \$5, and the retail price at the south, when made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, is \$20. There are not less than six towns in Connecticut, all extensively engaged in this kind of business. Untidely, they make not far from fifty thousand every year, and yet the demand is still unsupplied. [Northampton Courier.]

[In Portsmouth, N. H. a few days since, we were shown a box of fine looking Spanish Cigars, (which we were told smoked very well and would pass with all but connoisseurs for first rate,) manufactured in Connecticut, with not a particle of tobacco of any kind in their composition, except that used in the coloring. The outside were made of the leaves of cornstocks, and the insides were composed of bean leaves and pea pods! This is the most harmless and justifiable imposition we have been made acquainted with for a long time.] [Ed. Arg.]

Practical knowledge in a Legislator.—It cannot be expected that Legislators always have a practical knowledge of the subjects which come before them; but when this does happen, the country must derive benefit from the circumstance. Roger Sherman, when a member of congress, detected some extensive fraud in the accounts of a shoemaker, who had taken an army contract. This grave legislator and incorruptible patriot, had in early life been a shoemaker himself, otherwise the fraud would have been undetected.

Some years ago a bill was brought into the British Parliament to tax shops. When a member had finished a long speech against the bill, Sir Gregory Turner arose and made his first speech, in which he elicited thunders of applause from the galleries for his deep knowledge in the luxuries of trade.

"What," says he, "not tax shops! I am amazed! They are able to pay any duty almost. I myself knew a little milliner in St. James' street, who from only selling ribbons, and wires, and gauzes, (was not there a little smuggled lace, entre nous) was able to marry a baronet. Nay, I know it to be a fact, for I am that very baronet, and my wife is that veritable milliner. I have looked into her book, and it is astonishing what profits are made even on the wire of a cap. Would you believe it, Sir, that lady Gregory Page Turner, when she kept a retail shop in St. James' street, could sell a cap for nine shillings, which did not stand her above two and sixpence; and that she might have charged twelve guineas for a cloak the making and materials of which did not amount to more than four pounds; therefore, I say the tax is a good one." [Lowell Journal.]

Disinterestedness.—At a county muster, a short time since, where the "snails," (alias props) were shaken merrily, one of the operators, who happened to be Town Treasurer, got into a violent passion about a nipence which he said his antagonist wished to cheat him out of. "If it was my own money," said he, "I should not care a d—n; but, you see, I am shaking in behalf of the town!"

The Aristocracy of a Soot.—At Mary-le-bonne Office on Tuesday, Elizabeth Burleigh appeared to affiliate a child to Thomas Watson, Mr. Rawlinson: Young woman who is the father of your child? Elizabeth: Thomas Watson, your Worship; this young man here. Mr. Rawlinson (to Watson): Do you deny what this young woman states? Watson: not exactly your Worship. I don't say the young man, not mine. Mr. Rawlinson: Then, you admit it. Pray, what are you? Elizabeth (hostily): He's clerk to Mr. Watson, the chimney sweeper of Great Portland street [laughter.] Watson: I'm related to him, but I'm not his clerk. I'm his groom and look after his horse and gig. Mr. Rawlinson: Oh! you're a groom to the sweep, are you? You must pay 6s a week. Watson: I can't afford it. Mr. Rawlinson: But you must do so. Watson: Well, if I must I must. The young woman and the sweep's groom then left the Office. [London Paper.]

Slavery.—Garrison and Tappan, the agitators, had better turn their attention to the poor houseless, barefooted negroes of the north, many of whom have no place whereon to lay their heads, nor any thing to put on their heels.—After this condition has been meliorated, it will be time enough to turn attention to the well-fed and well clothed ebionies of the South, among whom the most common term of reproach is, "As poor and as dirty as a free nigger." [New Bedford Gaz.]

Dr. Dekay in his "Sketches of Turkey," says that the use of Opium is increasing in the United States. This drug is much used in fashionable society—more than people imagine—and particularly by females.

"Although we differ with our venerable Chief Magistrate as to the removal of the deposits; though we feel, as Pennsylvanians will generally feel, and regard with the liveliest regret a blow, which, however aimed, falls heavily upon the prosperity of our city and State—still we can find no necessity, no justification for the abuse which this measure has elicited from the opposition. The Motives of the President cannot be suspected—they cannot be otherwise than patriotic and public spirited. The cup of General Jackson's glory is full; our country has no new honors to offer him; and at the expiration of his term he will repair to the Hermitage, full of years and of honors, with the noble consciousness of virtue, and the applause of even his political opponents." [Penn. Intelligencer.]

The Boston papers say the transfer of the government deposits has not had much effect on the money market in that city.

We do not know what Boston papers say so, but suppose they must be the National Republican papers. But whatever credit such an assertion may gain with the National Republicans of Maine, we can assure the Courier, that every intelligent man here knows to the contrary. The removal of the Deposits, is one of the most popular acts in this city, of Gen. Jackson's administration.—[Boston Post.]

The editor of the Hallowell Advocate, who is friendly to the United States Bank, has the following candid remarks:—

"The U. S. Bank.—The disclosures of the Bank Directors for the Government, relative to an expenditure of \$80,000 among the editors and printers, to sustain the Bank, have struck us with surprise and mortification.—If they are correctly stated, we see not how to escape from the conclusion that however valuable the Bank may be to the country, the chief managers are corrupt and underserving public confidence.—If the Bank is to be saved to the country, it is apparent now that it can only be done by the Stockholders and its friends disclaiming this alarming system of bribery which its officers have resorted to. We see no grounds to doubt the utility of the national Bank, but we wait for more light to see if the conduct of its officers can be justified."

From the Hartford Daily Review, Extra.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION. We gather from a gentleman who visited the scene of the disaster, the following particulars. On Wednesday morning about three o'clock, while the steamboat New England was engaged in landing passengers at Essex, a small village near the mouth of our river, both her boilers exploded at the same instant. The concussion was tremendous. Persons who lived 3 miles from the place were awakened from their sleep by the shaking of their houses. The whole of the upper works in the centre and after part of the boat were shattered to fragments, and with a greater part of the baggage of the passengers, scattered to the four winds. The engine, at the moment, was not in motion, and the Steamboat was lying about twice her breadth from the wharf. The small boat was at the wharf to land a passenger. He had stepped on the wharf, and was in the act of turning to go up, when in an instant he found himself in the water

on the other side of the wharf, amidst the broken fragments. He escaped uninjured. Several were blown overboard from the boat, but were soon recovered. Only one is yet known to be missing, though there may be others.

The following are the names of the unfortunate persons who are known to be injured with those who were dead when our informant left last evening at 5 o'clock. Dead—Allen Pratt, of Hartford, baggage master, shockingly scalded, his leg broken, and the body found some time after the accident, on the bottom of the river. Jarid Lane, of Killingworth, deck hand. A child of M. S. Thompson, about two years old. A trunk and hat found, and some papers contained in them the name of the owner was ascertained to be—Estabrook, of Concord, N. H.

There can be no doubt that he was drowned. Total dead 4.

Very badly injured and not likely to survive. Mr. Shepard, merchant of Norwich, Ct. passenger badly scalded and bruised. J. M. Heron, Esq. of Reading, Conn. passenger, badly scalded and bruised. Mr. Lyman Warner of Plymouth, Conn. not scalded—skull badly fractured (dying). Mr. Burgess, passenger from Waterville, Oreg. Co. N. Y. formerly of Colchester, Conn. very badly scalded, Samuel Pesh and Broxon, deck hands, shockingly scalded. Mrs. Thompson, (her husband lives at Thompsonville, Conn.) from New York, the mother of her child above mentioned as dead, badly scalded. Miss Jane Pruden, of Hartford, chambermaid, very badly scalded. One other elderly lady whose name was not ascertained. Total 9.

Badly injured but not considered dangerous. —Doct. Stephen B. Whiting, of Reading, Conn. Mr. R. G. F. Goodrich, of Wetherfield, Conn. passenger. Mrs. Pomeroy, of Northfield, Mass. Mrs. Steeking of Middletown. Two children of the Mrs. Thompson, above mentioned. Mrs. Hastings of Gill, Mass. Mr. William Savage of Hartford, clerk of the boat. Giles Farnum, of Killingworth, fireman. Elias Bushnell, of Killingworth, deck hand. Edwin Bell, of Glensbury, fireman. Three others, 2 men and 1 woman, names not ascertained. Total 14.

Devastation, distress and death were upon every side. There were about 80 passengers on board at the time of the disaster, most of whom were fortunately in their berths. Those who were in the gentlemen's cabin, we believe without an exception, escaped uninjured, while those on deck, excepting only 4 or 5, were scalded or bruised. The ladies' cabin, being on deck was badly shattered, and filled instantly with steam and scalding water. Every berth in this cabin was occupied, and some on the settees. No ladies were below. Those who were in the after part of this cabin, generally escaped, and others who remained in their berths were scalded only the parts which were directly exposed. Some sprang instantly from their berths into the scalding water which for a time was ankle deep on the cabin floor. The explosion was succeeded by the screams and groans of the wounded—the cries of mothers for their children, of wives for their husbands, and brothers and sisters for one another, and for their friends—the bustle and confusion of getting down the boats to save those who were in the water—the whole constituting a scene which utterly beggars description. My Heaven in mercy never show us such another!

The immediate cause of the accident must for a time remain a matter of speculation and surmise. The Engineer, Mr. Marshall was at his post in the engine room, and was uninjured. He declares positively that there was not more than 8 inches of steam at the time. The assistant Engineer who had left his post but a short time before, says that the gauge rod was up to the deck and his story is confirmed by the men who were in the fire room at the time. The pilot who was in the wheel house at the moment of the explosion says—that when the boat came to the Saybrook landing, some difficulty occurred with the engine that they were unable to start the boat ahead, that they were compelled to anchor, to prevent drifting ashore, that she lay at anchor about 20 minutes during which time no steam was blown off, that he felt alarmed and went down and found that there was "quite too much steam on" and that the dampers were not up, that once afterwards, he went down and found matters in nearly the same situation. The place where the boat was anchored is about six miles below the scene of the disaster and the time which elapsed from her getting under way to her stopping at Essex must have been at least half an hour. No steam was blown off when she stopped at Essex. Mr. Potter, the former Engineer was not on board, but Mr. Marshall, the acting Engineer was considered a skillful man, fully competent to fill his place. One of the boilers is in the river, the fragments of the other are on wharf where the boat lies. Nothing of it remains except the front and flues. These are perfectly sound, evidencing that there was no deficiency of water in the boiler. The whole of the sides and back end are gone and the appearance of the edge where the parts separated is such as to give one the idea that he may with his hands tear off a piece as easily as if it were rotten paper. It may be proper to state the boilers were made at the West Point Foundry of the best copper, and they had been in use only about 2 months.

The directors of the Steamboat company on the receipt of the news yesterday morning, immediately dispatched the steamboat Massachusetts to the assistance of the sufferers. They returned to this city about ten o'clock last evening with the passengers and some of the wounded. The body of Mr. Pratt was brought up.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY. To the friends of Literature and of our Republican Institutions!

As sons of an enlightened people, and moved by the spirit which we have imbibed from our fathers, in this article we respectfully address the guardians of our interest, in behalf of Literature, involving the prosperity of the political and religious institutions of our Republic.

A careful investigation of the causes which have resulted in the subversion of popular governments, and a critical search for the causes of decay, (too plainly obvious in our sister Republics,) have taught us, that, without a general diffusion of knowledge, no people can long be virtuous and happy.

We see evidences of distress in our Seminary, the failure of which cannot be compensated by the operation of any other,—as is the case with the student, either indigent or wealthy, advantages such as result from this Institution. With painful emotions, we a few days since, read a communication appearing in the public press, that, without immediate aid, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary will soon close its operations. It is the hope that a generous public will interpose and save it, that draws from us this appeal.

Before we proceed, we think it our duty to propose a few words relative to ourselves. We resort to this place as students, from several States in the Union, and from every portion of this State. We are of various religious sects. We have received instruction at literary institutions within and without the bounds of this State. The time of our continuance here varies from four months to as many years. Such being our circumstances we doubt not you will think we are prepared to estimate the advantages of the institution whose interests we now spread before you, and for whose rescue we now plead,—and that in doing this we are prompted only by a regard for the literary character of our country, and an anxious wish that all her sons may equally share her favors.

To an intelligent people little need be said of the value of the general diffusion of knowledge, political, moral and religious. This is the lever which has made America the wonder of the world. Science is the key to all our greatness. It is enlightened virtue which sustains our political system. It is not, however, our business to speak of the importance of intellectual culture—this is understood; but to call your attention to one of the fountains of education.

The Maine Wesleyan Seminary originated with a few friends of literature, in 1820. Its location in Readfield was determined by the liberality of a benevolent individual, who presented property, valued at \$10,000, for the establishment of an institution uniting labor with study. Without a fund, and with a debt of some thousands, the institution went into successful operation in 1825. The department of labor, offering accommodations for about fifty individuals, has ever been full; there has been no period since that time when there have not been applications in advance for admission to it. A few months since an additional large workshop was completed. This, however, cannot be filled, as the boarding and lodging department will not accommodate more than the number formerly employed.

A boarding house has been for several months in contemplation, the plan of which is now before the public. This house is absolutely necessary not only for the accommodation of those connected with the Mechanical and Agricultural departments, but for those who wish to receive instruction without entering the department of industry.

The literary departments are four—one for ancient and modern languages—one for mathematics and other advanced branches—one for common English studies—and one for Latin. We hesitate not to say that each of these several departments is conducted in the best manner. Over each of the male departments presides an instructor, and over the female department an instructor, if rivaled, not exceeded by the directors of any other literary institution, subordinate to a College, in the State.

The government is sufficiently liberal, being in its leading features similar to the systems by which other literary institutions are controlled. None object to its principles except those who wish not to be subject to any control.

Since the time of the first endowment of this Seminary, benevolent individuals have made several small donations, and the State has not only disregarded its claims to public favor; but it has never been free from embarrassment, and the superintending board, in sustaining it, have labored with diligence, and have frequently been under the necessity of involving their private property. Notwithstanding the constant pressure of debt, the popularity of the institution has ever been increasing, and so high a character has it now attained, that should it not survive the present crisis, a blank will be left in the literary hemisphere, and the intellectual character of our State will suffer much.

It can be computed even by those who best understand the worth of knowledge and the merits of this Institution. The widowed mother, and the poor, but well judging father, with unavailing sorrow, will mourn the sacrifice of the intellectual hope of a fondly cherished son. The fatherless youth, and the son of indigent parents, will mourn their inability to satisfy their thirst for knowledge.

The question now is, not whether this Institution shall continue to struggle in poverty, but whether it shall continue to diffuse the light of science, or be erased from the catalogue of intellectual nurseries. Its claims have been before presented to you. By your favor and the disposition manifested to sustain it, you have acknowledged its claims; but as it has long been

suffered to languish, and has continued in action only by the almost unexampled exertion and benevolence of some of its officers, and is now upon the verge of its usefulness, we think you are not fully aware of the superiority of its claims, and consequently are not prepared rightly to estimate your obligations to sustain it.

We know, were you satisfied that this seat of science offers to the industrious student advantages in the power of no other institution in this State, that the hand of charity would be no longer paralyzed.

Permit us to say to you, that we are prepared to estimate its value and to appreciate its advantages. Future generations will know its value, and will, if you sustain it, rise up and bless you.

With respect, we say to you that, in the dispensation of your gifts, you should first remember the object of this appeal. Here was first attempted the union of labor with study. The experiment has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation. This success has induced the introduction of the system into other institutions, and already a change is visible in the student: Men of learning are found with unbroken constitutions and countenances marked with health—though the fire of intellect burns within, "the face is not streaked with the pale cast of thought." The system has been adopted in several institutions in this State; but we believe in no instance upon an extended plan, consequently this institution is not sustained, the loss will be sensibly felt by both the wealthy and the poor, especially by the latter, from whose ranks most of those have arisen who have gone up to the loftiest heights of literary fame.

We cannot look calmly on, and witness the last struggle of an institution so dear to us, and valuable to our country, as is the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. We entreat you, as you regard our feelings, our interest, and our hopes, give this Institution a place among the objects of your benevolence,—Be proportionate to your charity, our obligations will increase to exert our utmost power in your service and in the service of our country.

We are now without power to save the object of our anxious thought from impending ruin. Were our arms sufficiently strong we would unanimously come to its rescue. As we know its worth, we would sustain it at almost any sacrifice. We cannot, we will not believe that you will still turn away and disregard our earnest appeal. Relieve this object of our anxiety, and with one voice we now give you a pledge, that when we have acquired an education, we will voluntarily, we will cheerfully take upon ourselves the burden we now ask you to bear.

We appeal to all who love our common country—to all who hope for the universal diffusion and permanent establishment of the principles of its government. We appeal to all who desire the enlargement of the mind and the development of its power—to all in whose hearts benevolence reigns. We entreat you to think of your responsibility, and save this institution from an untimely death—while at the noon of its glory. Especially, do we appeal to those who guard with a watchful eye the interests of State. We earnestly entreat you, as guardians of the rising generation, dispense with a liberal hand your gifts—and you shall see sons of promise rising up around you, who shall be the solace of your declining years, and who shall fill your hearts with emotions of pleasure, in view of the assurance that your descendants will defend and perpetuate the blessings purchased at the sacrifice of the lives and fortunes of those who have been entailed to us the Guardian of Rights, that we regard more than life.

In behalf of, and in accordance with a unanimous vote of the Students (120 in number) now connected with the Maine Wesleyan Seminary

WILLIAM H. PILSEUR,
DAVIS W. CLARK,
WILLIAM BROWN, Jr. } Committee.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT. PARIS, OCTOBER 22, 1833.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.
One would think that some little interval of quiet should be allowed the people between the election of one President and the nomination of his successor—that the turbulence and excitement of one electioneering campaign might be permitted to subside before we were called upon again to stand to our arms. Indeed the people will have to do so.

Editors and partisans may plot and rave for the purpose of securing a party for the next year, but the people will look calmly upon this premature contest and think and act for themselves. We believe that persecution does as much for a man as excessive praise. We grow tired of having a man eternally lauded—his praises borne upon every breeze, and his every act extolled by all around us. So on the other hand when we find one of those actions which are vilified and abused—where motives are traduced or suspected, and he is made responsible for actions which he may perhaps have condemned, we are naturally led to enquire into the cause of all this opposition to him, and even less clamor about an individual, and unless strong reasons can be given in justification of such a course—something more than jealousy or suspicion we are gradually led to sympathize with one who is the subject of so many attacks and on whom so much abuse is poured. Let a man be unnoticed or his praises pass unexpressed and he may soon be forgotten. But take the most abandoned desperate and reckless villain in the community—one who is despised by all who know him, and hold him up as the object of weekly attack in the newspapers, exaggerate his faults, misrepresent his good deeds and blacken his doubtful ones, and he may be weak and worthless indeed if he is not raised to notoriety and even popularity. Much more is this the case when you take an individual, whose talents cannot be despised, and who has been guilty of no very high offence upon which you can lay your finger, and represent him as ambitious and dangerous. If he is ambitious you cannot do him a greater favor than this to hold him continually before the public gaze. These remarks are not irrelevant to the subject of the next Presidency—Numbers are already in the field. Partisan presses are established to support the claims of individuals and to

forestall public opinion. This is all very harmless, because the people are not to be assayed or driven by the praises or denunciations of newspaper editors. The Examiner has been recently established at Washington to advocate the claims of Mr. Webster to the Presidency. The Moderator is about being put in operation to persuade the people that Mr. McLane is the most suitable person for that office. Mr. Cithoun it is well known is the Adignus Apollo of the Telegraph, and the many others who would be candidates will doubtless find papers to sing their praises, and predict the benefit that might result from their choice. It should not be omitted that the Globe is supposed to be favorable to the selection of Mr. Van Buren for the successor of Jackson, and all the other presses mentioned, however much they may differ in other respects agree in this, to attribute every act of the present administration which they disapprove, to the secret influence of the "great magician." Their opposition to him is unceasing, and if their assertions are to be believed his influence is unbounded. To him are to be attributed all the acts of the present administration, and most of the measures of the President. In the extravagance of their zeal they have so far outstripped all moderation, that they have rendered him more service than they could by their friendship. If Mr. Van Buren is not the next President it will not be for want of the exertion of his enemies. One would think they might have learned something from experience and that the success of their past endeavors would have taught them a change of policy. But their hatred is so bitter, their insatiation so complete that they persist in those efforts the results of which have heretofore been so beneficial to him. He has nothing to fear from their enmity and persecution, which recently recalled him from England to make him Vice President. Their sincere friendship might be fatal to him, but if the excitement is kept up his prospects are favorable. We have no desire or intention of anticipating the selection which the people will make some time hence, nor are we anxious to engage prematurely in the contest which is approaching. We shall endeavor to keep our readers advised of the movements, making in the political world, and trust the selection to those who have as wisely chosen at the two last elections.

The clamor of the bank and its partisans is likely to produce but an inconsiderable effect. Many even of the opposition papers, are so ashamed of the recent developments of the prodigality and corruption of this institution that they are compelled to abandon its defence, and acknowledge the propriety of the course pursued by the President in relation to it. It would seem from the effects thus far developed that no evil is to be apprehended from the removal of the deposits, unless to those whose misconduct has brought change upon themselves. All accounts agree in stating that no embarrassment to the mercantile interest is likely to be produced by the removal, and if the means and progress of corruption are thus checked the country will have reason to rejoice. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the expediency, no one can doubt the purity of the motives and the honesty of purpose by which the President has been actuated.

The President's Proclamation against nullification appears to furnish matter of dispute even at the present time. The Globe printed at Washington has lately published some comments on this document illustrative of the President's views on some of the subjects discussed and opinions advanced therein, which tend to satisfy the doubts of those who are fearful that erroneous conclusions might be drawn from that paper, and to repel the accusations of those who charged it with containing federal doctrines. The truth of the sentiments contained in the proclamation honestly interpreted we believe to have been too apparent to our readers to require explanatory notes. It may have been and undoubtedly has been misrepresented, but the people both understand and approve it. Among the numerous speeches made on that question in the Senate last winter that of Mr. River of Virginia was the most satisfactory to us as hitting the truth which lies between the extremes of Mr. Webster's consolidation and Mr. Calhoun's disunion. The explanation furnished by the Globe appears to be highly satisfactory to the Hallowell Advocate while the quinnist of the Kennebec Journal appears to be disturbed thereby. These are both what are called national Republican papers printed one at Hallowell and the other at Augusta in this State. So difficult is it to please all the members of the same party. All these disputes serve to show how easy it is to draw different and even opposite conclusions from the same document according to the passions or prejudices of the reader.

SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE NEW VETO, AT PORTSMOUTH.
The New Hampshire Gazette states that pursuant to a resolution passed at a meeting of the Democratic Republicans of that town, on the 3d inst, an account of which was published in our last paper, preparations were immediately made for the salute of 100 guns on the occasion of the removal of the United States deposits. The resolution contemplated some time within a week, supposing that news of the removal of the deposits in Portsmouth would be received within that time, but it was left at the discretion of the committee, who waited the announcement of the event. On Friday evening last, the notice was received that the public deposits for that town, were in future to be made in the Commercial Bank. This was then, in the most appropriate time, and accordingly on Saturday at noon, a salute of 100 guns was fired, and the national flag was displayed throughout the day on Liberty Bridge and other public places agreeably to the resolution.

We have been thus particular in announcing the fact of the firing of the salute and the cause which led to the delay, because we have seen it stated in one or two federal papers, that the meeting at Portsmouth was got up solely for effect, to make a noise on paper, and that our friends in Portsmouth were not patriotic enough to incur the expense of firing the salute. Of a verity, our federal friends are a little too hot to follow before they are out of the woods. Don't you think so, neighbor Brooks?—[Argus.]

MARYLAND ELECTIONS.—CONGRESS.
City of Baltimore.—J. P. Heath elected by 213 majority over Col. Howard, the late member—both Jacksonians.

In the District composed of Anne Arundel county, City of Annapolis and 5 Wards of the city of Baltimore, the Hon. Isaac McKim, Jacksonian, elected over Col. Stewart, National Republican, 550 or 600 majority.

In the District composed of Baltimore and Harford counties, —Turner elected by a large majority over Messrs. Sewall and Worthington—all Jacksonians.

In the District composed of Allegheny and Washington, and part of Frederick counties, the Hon. Francis Thomas, Jacksonian, is re-elected by a large majority.

In the District composed of Prince Georges, Charles, St. Mary's and Calvert counties, J. T. Stoddart, the Jackson candidate, is 165 ahead of the Hon. D. Jenifer, National Republican, and only one P. voter, (St. Inegoes,) in St. Mary's county to be heard from. Stoddart is, no doubt, elected.

STATE LEGISLATURE.
Jackson Anti Jackson.

Baltimore City,	2	0
Annapolis do.	1	1
Baltimore County,	4	0
Harford do.	3	1
Anne Arundel do.	4	0
Prince Georges do.	3	1
Montgomery do.	1	3
Frederick do.	4	0
Washington do.	4	0
	26	6

It is stated in the Northampton Courier, that there are annually manufactured in the town of Plymouth alone, not less than fifteen thousand wooden clocks, and that one individual in that town had realized a fortune of nearly \$200,000 in the business. There are six towns in Connecticut largely engaged in this business, which unitedly make not far from 50,000 clocks every year. The original cost of these clocks is said to be about \$5.50, and the retail price at the south, \$20.00.

The Bel-Air Citizen relates several amusing anecdotes connected with the Balloon ascent of Mr. Durant, at that place.

Ten or fifteen negroes were at work in the field of Capt. Hayes, near Bel-Air. When Mr. Durant arrived directly over them, he halted them to learn if the town in sight was Bel-Air. The sounds from the air terribly frightened them, and when they saw far above them the ill looking thing, they all took to their heels, nor looked behind until they had reached home, where they burst open the doors, tumbling one over the other in the greatest terror lest they should fall into the hands of Old Nick.

A black man who was cutting wood near the village immediately on seeing the "dreadful messenger" as he thought it, dropped his axe and although a quarter of a mile from home—the balloon, being about the same distance from the village—arrived before the strange visitor.

A black woman, in the village, who was just going home from the pump, with a bucket of water on her head, is said to have dropped her bucket, water and all, and made "screams for home 'a leetle of the quickest," screaming "Murder! Murder!" at the highest pitch of her lungs.

Extensive Fertility.—Our city was not a little agitated last evening by the discovery of extensive forgeries committed by a broker of the name of Charles Brown (formerly of the firm of Brown & Ellis) upon a number of the most respectable merchants among us. The amount cannot be as yet ascertained, but it is believed to be over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. The villain was in State Street on Saturday, since which time he has not been seen, but it is highly probable he proceeded to New York on Sunday morning, and took passage for Liverpool or Havre in one of the packet ships which sail this day from that port. The first information received of his villainy was by Messrs. Copeland & Loring yesterday, to whom he addressed a letter stating that he had made use of their names, but that it would be useless to think of pursuing him, as he was resolved not to be taken. The names of his friends in Plymouth are said to have been very freely used, as also those of a number of mercantile houses in this city.

The excitement was very great last night when the intelligence was generally diffused in the N. W. Room. If it be ascertained that he has sailed for Europe, he may yet be overtaken and brought to justice. The packet of the 8th may perhaps be anticipated in her arrival out by the packet of the 16th.

The Belfast Journal states that there are two Companies in the town of Union, by which no military duty has been performed for the last eight years.

Crim. Con. A case of crim. con. was tried at Troy, week before last, in which Nathan Smith vs. plaintiff and John Martin defendant. The case was of an aggravated nature, and the Jury gave a verdict of 3000 dollars for the plaintiff. Mr. Martin has a wife and three children.

In Maryland, notwithstanding the abominable system of distraining adopted by the Nationals, with a view of securing the State, Jacksonism has been successful. Six of the members of Congress elected are Jackson men. Of the members elected to the State legislature, 47 are for Jackson, and 21 opposition.

The legislature of Tennessee had 12 ballots for the United States Senators on the 1st inst. The vote stood, Grundy 29, Foster 21, Eaton 18.

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THE TRIUMPH

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have thought him with the title of squire, and from his manner have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking the good road for the by-path led him through the woods, which told a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours before the multitude of the place was so soon by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's terrific flash afforded a momentary view of his situation. A peal of louder and longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would burst the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain which penetrated the clothing of a stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted by the labors of the day I was about making such a disposition of the saddle and his own coat as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he perceived a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the further he advanced: the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house. The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"A friend, who has lost his way, and in search of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir, said the first speaker, and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer to a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "that is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes, was the reply, and I am sorry that I was obliged to mislead him so, as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty," said the entertainer, and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan, added he, turning to the mistress, with a half reproachful look, why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her usual benevolence: for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few days before in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this might be one of them.

"At her husband's remonstrance she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal, there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had said he had been in the neighborhood, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, and invited him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, tempered with humanity. Endow also our enemies with enlightened views, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace."

The next morning, the traveller, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering a part of his purse, as a compensation for the attention he had received, which was refused.

"Well sir, concluded he since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, encountered too far from the camp, on my return I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and a fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment, then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he listened to call two negroes with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the shore, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp.

On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

"The above is only one of the many hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them, in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the Great Saviour, whose precious blood may be enabled to render our names worthy to be enrolled with that of the father of his country."

BLACK SEA WHEAT.

Mr. Cooke, Sir:—Having given you a description some time since of one acre of the above Wheat grown by me 't present season, up to the 'harvest home,' I now have the satisfaction to state, that we have finished threshing and measuring the crop, this day, the amount of which was fifty-five bushels and three pecks—a yield from one acre of Spring wheat probably unparalleled in New England, in this or any previous year. On threshing, on the grain, I discovered a peculiarity, valuable, when we take into consideration the high rate of wages in this country—the kernel came out with much less beating than any other, I have heretofore grown.

I have called it Black Sea Wheat, merely to designate it from other kinds, for as I have before observed in a previous communication to you: there are four distinct kinds—of what name either was known by, in the country (Asia) where grown, is perhaps not very material, it will be sufficient for the purpose of the American Farmer, if its properties are of a superior order.

Yours with esteem,
PAPSON WILLIAMS.
Fitchburg, Sept. 18, 1833.

ROBBERY OF THE MAIL.—The Waynesburg (Pa.) Messenger of the first inst. gives the following particulars:—"Our readers will, no doubt, recollect that Christian Weirich, the late Post Master at Claysville, Washington county, Pa., was two or three years ago convicted of robbing the mail, and sentenced to the Penitentiary. The present Post Master of that office, (Van Skyle,) is now, we learn, under arrest for the same offence. The particulars of his detection, as related to us by a gentleman who received them from the Postmaster at Brownsville, are as follows: Letters containing money, mailed for the West, had several times perished of their contents—suspicion fell upon the Claysville office, and a clerk in the General Post Office at Washington City, undertook to detect the offender. Accordingly he enclosed a counterfeit \$50 bank note, and a \$5 genuine one, in a letter to a friend at Wheeling, Va. and marked upon it 'money enclosed'—folded and tied a wrapper around it and as if by mistake, endorsed the wrapper Claysville, Pa. He then took a seat for Wheeling in the same stage which contained his letter. On arriving at the place he ascertained that his letter had not come to hand. He immediately returned to Claysville—stopped at a tavern—pretended to be a drover—stated that he had bought some cattle in the neighborhood—gave the landlady a \$100 bank note, and requested him to step to the Post Office and get smaller ones for it. The landlady did so, and received from the Post Master, in exchange, the same two notes mailed by the clerk for his friend in Wheeling. The Post Master was immediately taken into custody, when, we understand, he confessed his guilt."

Amid the din which a few Bank presses are striving to make in relation to the deposits, it is gratifying to see that several of the disinterested papers in the opposition frankly avow their approbation of the measure adopted by the President, from a candid consideration of the development of the Bank's transactions with the Press.

A LATE NUMBER OF THE LONDON ATHENÆUM

contains the annexed singular paragraph:—"Letters from Paris make mention of a work about to appear there, which it is expected will create no little bustle in the cabinet of Louis Philippe. When the Duchess of Berri was apprehended, she was so well pleased with the courtesy of Gen. Desmonecourt, who had commanded in La Vendee, that she intrusted to him the whole of her papers. These he refused to deliver up to the Government, but now, in consequence of some disagreement, he is about to publish them under the title of 'Lavendee et M. d'Amie.' He has resolved, it is said, to state without reserve, all he knows of the intrigues that were carried on; and among the documents will be a letter from one of the most influential Ministers of Louis Philippe to the Duchess, wherein he offers to establish her son on the throne, upon condition that the office of Constable of France be revived and given to him; and one from another Minister apprising her that the place of concealment was known, and directing her to remove for Thruth, or she would be arrested."

LONDON POLICE.

An Example.—Sarah Cannon charged Ann Goodwin an Irish Washerwoman, holding a fine female child in her arms, with having assaulted her.

The complainant said that a few days ago she received a violent slap in the face from the defendant, but, before further violence could occur, she contrived to get out of her reach. Shortly afterwards, while standing at her window, the defendant came by and took up two large paving stones, which she threw at her, but fortunately missed her, breaking the window sashes only.

In defence, Mrs. Goodwin said the child she had in her arms was born with six toes on each foot, and five fingers and a thumb on each hand. Whenever the complainant met her she would allude to this circumstance and used to tell her child was an 'example,' which so enraged her that she found it impossible to restrain herself.

Well, said the magistrate, suppose she did say your child was an example, what then? I won't have my child called an 'example,' said Mrs. Goodwin, who appeared to attach some dreadful significance to the word. No woman shall say I'm the mother of an 'example.' I've taken the baby to the surgeon's and I've had its fingers and toes cut off.

Upon examining the little creature's limbs, it appeared that it had actually undergone a surgical operation and the extra toes and fingers had been removed.

To her great dismay, the defendant was told that it was necessary, on account of her violence to make an 'example' of her. She was ordered to find bail.

BURKE. At the time I refer to, and when pointed out to strangers in the street, as a renowned orator, statesman, and writer, he usually wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, brown breeches, and grey worsted stockings, and a wig of fair, curly hair, made to look natural. He also, commonly used spectacles; so that it is not easy to describe his face. But I noticed that he had many wrinkles; and those mere of thought than age. He had a double chin, as it is termed; large nostrils, a rather long irregular nose, and a wide, and as it were, a loose mouth, such as many public speakers have. His speeches were always worth listening to; though his attitude was often unbecoming, as he would keep one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other frequently in his bosom, and swing his body from side to side, while his feet were fixed to one spot. Being an Irishman he not only spoke with an Irish accent, which might be excused, but with an Irish pronunciation, for which there is no excuse. In spite of these objections, his words flowed in so grand a torrent, and he so bounded in happy metaphor and well-applied learning, that although I have heard him for several hours together, I do not remember being conscious of weariness or impatience, while he was on his legs.—[Pictorialist]

Ill-timed Importation.—A horse was seized at St. Stephen, New-Brunswick, on the 30th ult. by the deputy treasurer, for illicit importation. Whilst an officer of the customs was leading the animal along the road, by a halter, the owner sprang on his back, and by applying the whip, started the horse on full speed. Mr. Watson, the seizing officer, held to the halter, was thrown to the ground, and dragged nearly two hundred yards before he relinquished his grasp, when finding all endeavors to stop the animal useless, he loosed his hold, and the daring rider effected his escape to the American side of the lines.

MARRIED.

In this town, on the 16th inst. Joseph G. Cole, Esq. Mr. Elijah Burbank of Worcester Mass. to Mrs. Melitable Marble of this town.

In Norway, by Rev. A. Merrill, Mr. Wm. Goddard of Oxford, to Miss Sophia Whitney of Norway.

DIED.

In this town, on the 15th inst. Azubah B. wife of Samuel F. Rawson, aged 19 years.

Plainters in the eastern part of this State will please see.

In this town, on the 18th inst. Catharine N. daughter of Thomas Crocker, Esq. aged 16 years.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Francis Keyes administrator of the estate of Francis Keyes late of Rumford in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of four hundred and nineteen dollars and seventy-eight cents and praying for a license to sell and convey as much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Samuel F. Rawson administrator of the estate of Isaac Knight late of Bethel in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of seventy-five dollars and ninety-five cents and praying for a license to sell and convey as much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of William Willis Guardian of the estate of Lucius W. Greenwood late of Hebron in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Leonard Grover Administrator of the estate of Hezekiah Grover late of Fitchburg Academy Grant in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

ON the petition of Rebecca Smith named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Nicholas Smith late of Paris in said County deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED.—That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

The subscriber hereby gives notice to all persons concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOHN BAILEY,
late of Turner in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to her.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

CADWELL LADER F. JONES Guardian of Johnathon Saunders of Norway, in said County, a non compos, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said non compos,

ORDERED.—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

COPY, ATTEST: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

All the right, title and interest which Caleb Besse has in equity of redeeming a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in Bethel in said County viz:—Lot numbered four in the first Range of lots in said town with the buildings thereon.—The same being mortgaged to William Reed, for security of one hundred dollars, and annual interest from March the thirty-first A.D. 1826. To the Record of which mortgage deed recorded with the Records of said County, Book 28 Page 7, reference is made.

ISAIAH WHITEMORE, Dep. Shff.
Paris, October 19, 1833.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County, on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three, at ten o'clock in the forenoon all the right title and interest which Timothy Pratt of Jay has in equity of redeeming the following described real estate situated in Jay in said County viz:—The north part of lot No. one in the fourth range of lots in said town on the Westerly side of Androscoggin River with all the buildings thereon.—The same having been 'deeded by' said Timothy Pratt to James Starr, Jr., by Deed bearing date March 27th 1829 for security of the payment of one hundred and forty-three dollars or thereabouts and interest on the same; to the record of which deed in the County Registry reference is made.

ISAIAH WHITEMORE, Dep. Shff.
Paris, October, 19th 1833.

Martin Bradford's Estate

THE Subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Oxford County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Martin Bradford, late of Turner in said County, deceased, and represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 20th day of September last are allowed to said creditors, for bringing and proving their debts against said estate; and that we shall be in session for that purpose, at the late dwelling house of the said B. Bradford on the second Monday in November, & last Monday in December, and second Monday in March next, from two till five o'clock P. M. on each of those days.

WILLIAM K. PORTER, } Com'rs.
GEORGE FRENCH. }
Turner, Oct. 8, 1833. } 3w9

FOR SALE, by the subscriber ONE GOOD CHAISE & HARNESS, cheap for cash or approved credit.

ROB'T SKILLINGS.
South-Paris, Oct. 22.

3w10

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
Black, Blue, Brown, Olive, Green and Mixt.

FLANNELS,
White, Yellow, Red and Green, of ALL QUALITIES.

PLAIDS & CAMLETS,
of every description, cheap.

ROSE BLANKETS,
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, or good quality.

RUSSIA DIAPERS,
1 bale of 50 pieces, at low prices, by yard or piece.

WANTED,
5000 yards domestic all Wool and Cotton & Wool Flannel, 50 yds. Full'd Cloths—Also, white, black, red & blue M. & W. Woollen Yarns, for which fair prices will be given, in exchange for Goods.

W. D. LITTLE,
No. 1, Mitchell's Buildings,
Sent 1st 1833.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The demands due them, will remain a few weeks with Asa Thayer Jr., after which, they will be left with an Attorney for collection, if not paid.

TIMOTHY FORD,
ASA THAYER Jr.
Paris, Oct. 19, 1833.

10 if

POETRY.
From Friendship's Offering for 1834.
EARLY DAYS.
Oh! give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight.
Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose.
And give me back the glittering stream
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nighty dream
Can ever more renew.
I would give all that tears have bought
Of wisdom, wealth, or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought
This sordid world above—
One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of timelessness power,
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower—
One sail upon the summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.
But ah! that summer sea no more
Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My uttering sails are gone.
'Tis now that hope her radiant bow
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendor from her sky.
'Tis not that pleasure may not bring,
Fresh gladness in my breast,
But I am worn with wandering
To find a home of rest.

FROM AN ALBUM.
Woman possesses that vigor of mind—those powers of intellect—that magnanimity of soul—that patience in affliction—that resignation in adversity's darkest hour—that promptness to minister in sickness, and those warm undying affections which if properly educated, refined and cherished, admirably qualify her to fill that station in the moral, intellectual, social and domestic circle, which Providence has assigned to her. In the sphere of her action are attendant duties which none but a Woman with her sympathies and her affections fully cultivated can perform.
Her situation is emphatically a responsible station. It is hers to be the comfort and support of her parents—the ministering angel to the sick and afflicted—the sharer of the joys and the divider of the sorrows of him who has chosen her for his helpmate. It is hers to rear the juvenile mind—to make that impress upon the ductile heart which will in a great measure determine the character of the coming generation and unalterable set a seal on the destiny of man, not only for time but for eternity. It is hers to give virtue's deep tone to public sentiment and to govern the moral world as much, nay even more than man governs the political. It is hers to add a charm to home—a new relish for domestic scenes, and to grace the social circle, while man's province is in the maddening and often fatal pathway that leads onward to pleasure, honor and glory. To be the dutiful daughter, the tender and affectionate partner, the prudent governess, and the well qualified instructress, are attainments to which she may laudably aspire.
I would that sentiments like these were indelibly written on the first page of every Album—that they were inscribed in 'letters of gold' upon every young lady's toilet, and that they were emblazoned upon the tablet of every female heart.
How often do the young become intoxicated with short-lived charms, and vainly imagine that their future felicity depends upon indulging that wild chimera which soon will vanish, and with it their phantom happiness! Does that female who is using all the art in her power to captivate man's heart by merely external beauty, consider upon what a precarious foundation she is resting her hopes of future happiness?
In the first place she is drawing into her train of admirers the gay, the fickle and the vain, whose intentions even if honorable are not worth the notice of a lady of sense and mental accomplishment.
In the second place, should she chance to win the hand of a man of sense and merit (a proposition to which I have not yet acceded) will ephemeral beauty keep alive the affections until the close of the evening of life, when the cause which first gave them birth will have long ceased to exist? As will might we anticipate the golden harvest, should the Sun be annihilated, as soon as it had germinated the plant? As well might we urge our way to wealth by extricating cables from moon beams?
But suppose that beauty should not be shrouded by accident, disease nor age—even suppose it to shine forth with the sparkle it first emitted, is not something more wanting to consolidate the affections and to give a relish to domestic life? Must they not be founded upon the sure foundation of virtue, intellectual accomplishments and refined feelings, in order to give them their highest zest?
Beauty is the altar upon which has been sacrificed domestic happiness enough to make earth a paradise! It is the quick sand, upon which has been wrecked many a sail filled with hope, bounding over the sunny tide of life!
I will not pretend that it is not desirable, nor that it should not be cultivated to a proper degree—but I do pretend, that if the culture and the decorating personal beauty engage the chief at-

tention of a female, to the exclusion of improving the mind, the bondage imposed by it will be like a fairy spell of enchantment, from which the dreamer must ere long awake, and bursting off those corroded bands that bound his captivated heart, ask for something more substantial than the external blishments of the fairest form upon which to place his now corrected affections—something upon which he can safely rest the bark of his happiness—something with which his soul can hold sweet fellowship, and something which can cheer and make glad the heart in the day of prosperity, support him in the hour of adversity, and ease his pain and pillow his head when consuming disease shall drink up the fountains of life. In short, one who is deserving his esteem and regard, and if she be beautiful whose externals are but the index to her mind.
Fly then maiden from thy toilet, and decorate thy mind as much assiduously as thou decoratest thy person. Remember that intellectual pleasures never cloy. Mingle with that delightful train of worshippers who early pay their homage at virtue's shrine. Knowing that vanity feels peculiarly embarrassed in the presence of ladies of mental accomplishments, let thy conversation and deportment prove thee possessed of those accomplishments which will prove a munition against the attacks of the vulgar and the base, and shield thee from the shafts of disgrace and misery which might otherwise be unerringly hurled at thee from the full quiver of fate. Throw aside thy trifles light as air, and act compatible with the knowledge that thou art capable of filling the heart of a rational, social and immortal being with pleasures more valuable and trusting, than those which flow from caprice and a vitiated taste. **EOLUS.**
[Maine Farmer.]

The Physiology of Laughter.—Any young gentleman who can laugh at will, is certain of a favorable reception in society—particularly when the weather is muggy. Laughter, therefore, a social virtue, a prudent accomplishment, an open letter of introduction. It is not necessary to be funny in order to laugh. Some men laugh like potatoes, without knowing it. Their faces are sculptured cacklons. The permanent grin, however, falls upon the eye, and at last begins to wear out one's jocularity, and to look as solemn and hideous as the dismal sphynx. Laughing is good by virtue of its suddenness. It is its unexpected appeals to the nerves that its power chiefly lies. It does a thoughtful person good to be taken by surprise, and to be tickled into a hearty laugh against his will. It makes him feel as he would after having been electrified. It awakens him, forces his blood to circulate, makes him open his eyes, look about him, and talk. The greatest mystery of laughter is its communicativeness. Set one or two going, and the whole circle, although they know not why, fall into the vein. You laugh at laugh, and laugh the more because you know the less of what you are laughing at. Much potency is there in the association of ideas. Awkward things make one laugh; if the mind happen to be directed into a different channel at the moment, the awkwardness comes upon you suddenly. There is nothing laughable in seeing a man thrown from his horse; yet if he be pitched into the mud, and his hat rolls off into the kennel, and his heels are thrown up into the air, like the heels of a bodiless nondescript on the Manx halfpennies, you cannot help laughing. There is no grace in such an accident to make it agreeable to the imagination, and to save it from ridicule. From a peculiar construction of the sensitive incur-branes, some people laugh more than others, and young people laugh the most because they have fewer drawbacks upon the fancy. Things as they are, if we learned to analyze them, are not objects for laughter; but until we grow familiar with realities, we laugh at them as if they were merely ideal and set up for our amusement. To be well deceived is the happiness of life, says the Dean of St. Patrick's, and those who are the most deceived laugh the most, and by the same reasoning, those who laugh the most are the happiest.
But laughing is divisible into many, many modes. Mrs. Jordan used to laugh over her whole face. It began in the dimples of her lips, and spread over the cheeks and forehead like sunshine, until the entire countenance became inspired. 'Twas a laugh to make you stop with admiration and suspend breath and feel happy. But you could hardly laugh at it or with it. It was too beautiful; it captured your senses, and filled the heart with that sort of joy that does not express itself in laughter. Some people laugh convulsively, shooting out a noise like that of a pistol, and instantly relapsing back into silence and gravity. It is a great question whether they enjoy their laugh like the rest of the world, or whether they do not enjoy it more by keeping it within, and all to themselves. Others, again, laugh through their teeth, spreading their lips like a hyena, and emitting a hissing sound that resembles the trying of eggs. There may be a necessity for such a laugh, but unless there be, it is very inexcusable. There are persons who will avail themselves of any excuse for showing their teeth and who laugh for no other earthly reason. They must be thinking of their teeth the whole time and not of the jest provocative. A fat person, who laughs zealously, laughs with his great big body. The tub undulates and heaves, and the whole man shakes with laughter down to the calves of his legs. 'Tis like the boisterous rejoicing of a corporation. A man who desires a vivid reputation will throw himself back in his chair to laugh, as if the fun overpowered him. That is a mere ruse, like that of a pretentious girl behind her fan, or the stage-laugh, that consists of twisting the thumbs into the sides,

and bending the body forward as if were suddenly seized with pains, and uttering a clinking noise in the corner of the mouth. Nobody ever laughed until they were black in the face; although that is esteemed the last point of risibility. Any one may laugh until they are red in the face; but the laughter that is the most searching makes the face pale. When a person always laughs in the same way, they never laugh with sincerity; for the same way of laughing is no more applicable to the different degrees of irritation than the same way of showing the sense of pain. To laugh always the same is to laugh by rule, and the gamut may be played over on all occasions. It is pleasant to be gifted by nature with such exquisite sensibilities that one's laugh varies with the subject. Variety is much admired in laughter as well as in every thing else; but it must not be studied, or it will be liable to suspicion, it must come of itself, free, natural, and characteristic. Loud laughing is dangerous to women, besides being disagreeable to their friends. Women should never laugh much or loudly. They are supposed to be more patient and enduring than men; and as gentleness is their especial charm, they should laugh softly, lowly, musically, and not as if they caught all the broad points of whim and caricature. They should be thought to leave some touches of the joke undiscovered, for it is the weakness of our sex to desire the ascendancy, even in trifles. Gentlemen always affect something in reservation, as if there was a sting behind which ladies could not, or ought not, to understand. This is a poor affectation of exclusive privileges, of superior discernment, of the pride of the sex. But ladies may be assured that there is nothing beyond worth knowing, or that there is nothing in the joke except its pretension to mystery.
Any person who laughs dogmatically should be expelled from the drawing room. Why should any one laugh in a style that requires other people to laugh whether they like it or not, and that conveys a sneer at those who do not laugh, as much as to insinuate that they do not comprehend the force of a good thing? It is very rude to appear to understand what no body else understands, and to laugh when you have the laugh all to yourself. We hate people who snivel when they laugh, as if they despised the poverty of mirth. Who wants them to laugh? Let them get into a corner and trace the outlines of the figured paper with their eyes until they get the blue devils, or nausea in the stomach. They have no right to come into a merry circle, and laugh in contempt of court. It is all nonsense to say that any individual is so locked up in bile as not to be able to enjoy a laugh. Every human being has a vulnerable point—touch that, and the metallic being becomes fused over as if it had undergone a process of fire. We laugh very seldom ourselves, but—when we do laugh—Mercury! what a leaping of sounds is there, what a bubbling of inarticulate notes, what a heaving of chest, and distortion of features, and spasms of limbs. It is well enough to talk about resisting laughter, but we know it is irresistible, and cometh like a thief in the night, and is not to be gainsayed. What could Moore have been thinking of when he addressed such a request as this to a lady?
Give smiles to those who love you least,
But keep your tears for me.
Sunshine before rain, even in dog days.
[London Atlas.]

A Judge was trying a prisoner accused of felony, and while delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating and commenting on the evidence, the Jury and Council fell fast asleep. The Sheriff who had charge of the prisoners, being soon so to nod—a spectator who happened to be awake, and apprehending that the prisoner might escape, suddenly exclaimed, "wake the Sheriffs." "Never mind," said the Judge—who was a wag in his way—"the Sheriffs may have they their nap out—for the prisoner is just asleep also."

A 'high bid.'—A tar, half seas over, swaggering into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, 'who bid more than nine pence half penny?' asked, 'May we bid what we please?' 'Oh yes,' replied the seller, 'any thing you please, sir.' 'Why, then,' said Jack, 'I bid you a good night, and be hanged to you.'

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.
THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAISE Making business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms.
Aug. 5, 1833. 6m] **ROBERT SKILLINGS.**

Last Notice.
THE subscribers having relinquished business in this town, and being about to leave the place, hereby call upon all persons indebted to them to make immediate payment. The creditors of the subscribers are pressing hard upon them and they have no way to meet the demands against them, but by calling upon such of their former customers as are still indebted. This notice should not be disregarded, for we must and shall collect our debts; and all concerned are assured, that our books and notes will be left with an attorney for settlement, from and after the first day of November next.
FORD & THAYER.
Paris, Sept. 6, 1833. 4f 5

BLANKS FOR SALE, by ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833.

Martin Bradford's Estate
THE Subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Oxford County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Martin Bradford, late of Turner in said County, deceased, and represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 20th day of September last are allowed to said creditors, for bringing and proving their debts against said estate; and that we shall be in session for that purpose, at the dwelling house of the said Bradford on the second Monday in November, and last Monday in December, and second Monday in March next, from two till five o'clock P. M. on each of those days.
WILLIAM K. PORTER, Com'rs.
GEORGE FROST, *3w9
Turner, Oct. 8, 1833.

GOOD & CHEAP.
JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries.
Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are new and fresh, and will be sold on an average, quite as low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.
Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.
South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber, are requested to call and settle immediately, or his demands will be left in the hands of an ATTORNEY, for collection.
PHINEAS MORSE.
Paris, Oct. 1. 3w8

PROSPECTUS OF THE Complete Periodical LIBRARY.
Forty-eight pages weekly—nearly 2,500 large Octavo pages a year, for Five Dollars, furnishing annually select reading equal to fifty volumes of common size.
The Library will contain nearly all the new works of merit as they appear: Voyages and Travels—History—Biography—Select Memoirs—the most approved European Annals—Adventures—Tales of unexceptionable character, &c. &c.
THE "Complete Periodical Library," will be found indispensable to all lovers of good reading, in town or country. Every number will contain 48 pages, in a size expressly adapted for binding, when the book is completed; printed with type so large as not to fatigue the weakest eye. Is immense size will enable the editor to crowd any common sized book into two numbers, frequently into one. New works will thus be despatched as they arrive from Europe, and set off fresh to its patrons. The subscriber in Missouri will be brought as it were to the very fountain head of literature. Works printed in this library will be furnished to him, when without it, he would be wholly unable to procure them. A book that will cost six dollars to import can be re-printed and distributed to subscribers, owing to our peculiar facilities, for about twenty cents, with the important addition of its being fresh and new.
We shall give near 2,500 pages annually, equal to fifty common sized books! Every work published in the Library will be complete in itself. A title page will be given with each volume, so that the subscriber, if he please may sell, or give it away, without injury to any of the others; or it may be bound up at the pleasure of the subscriber.
This work presents an extraordinary feature unknown to any other periodical in the country. The subscription price may be considered a mere loan for a year, as the work, at the year's end will sell for cost, and in many parts of the United States it will bring double its original cost to the subscriber.
The works published in "The Complete Periodical Library" will be of the highest character, both as regards the author and his subject. New works of approved merit, will be sent out to the Editor by every arrival from Europe, giving him an unlimited field to select from, while care will be taken to make his publication equal any thing of the kind in America.
The first number will be issued on the 8th of May next, & regularly every Wednesday thereafter, secured in handsome printed covers, and on fine white paper at \$5 per annum, payable in advance. Clubs remitting \$20 will be supplied with five copies for that sum; agents at the same rate. Address
T. K. GREENBANK,
No. 9, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

JOB WORK, Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE.
HARTFORD, AUG. 1833.

DR. JEBB'S Rheumatic Liniment.
THIS highly approved and long celebrated application for Rheumatic Disorders, is carefully prepared according to the Original Recipe of Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., Physician to her late Majesty and Royal Family. It is doubtless true, that the excruciating pain, the despondence, deformity and premature old age, which are the usual attendants and consequences of this dreadful disorder, are suffered by many persons from utter despair of a cure, or frequent disappointment in the efficacy of the numerous pretended antidotes used to effect this purpose. But those who have made trial of Dr. Jebb's Rheumatic Liniment, even in obstinate cases of long standing, and of the most severe character, have received essential relief, and many have been cured in a few days. Some in twenty-four hours, as a number of persons in Boston and vicinity, who were formerly afflicted with the Rheumatism, have very fully and satisfactorily testified. Certificates are in the possession of the Proprietor, which prove the most thorough and surprising cures by means of this most powerful Liniment in cases where other approved applications have totally failed. The Liniment is also used with signal success, and may be confidently recommended, for Chills, Brui-ces, Sprains, Numbness, Stiffness of the Joints, &c.—Price, 50 Cents.

The following copy of a letter to the Proprietor is inserted as one among the many proofs of the surprising efficacy of Dr. Jebb's Liniment in the cure of the Rheumatism.
To the Proprietor of Dr. Jebb's Liniment, CHARLESTOWN, (Mass.) June 23, 1827.
Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe to suffering humanity, to acquaint you, and through you the public, (should you think best,) of the unexpected and surprising cure performed on myself by the use of the above most excellent Medicine. I have been for more than thirty years, and sometimes most severely, afflicted with the Rheumatism; have been frequently rendered perfectly helpless, and in consequence confined to my bed, when it has required two persons to move me, being in such extreme pain. I have several times been under the care of the most eminent physicians, but procured only temporary relief. I one day noticed the advertisement of Dr. Jebb's Liniment, with the testimonials accompanying it, and was induced to try a bottle, which I used without much sensible benefit. I concluded however to persevere, and bought another bottle, and was greatly relieved, and by the use of half the bottle was wholly cured, and have never since had a return of the pain, which I had not been free from a month at a time for thirty years; and it is now more than three years since I was cured. I would most earnestly advise every person suffering under this painful complaint, not to despair of a cure so long as they can obtain "Dr. Jebb's Liniment." You are at liberty to make any use of this you may think advisable.
Most respectfully yours,
CALEB SYMMES.

Prepared from the Original MS. Recipe of the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY, by T. KIDDER, his Immediate Successor and the Sole Proprietor, Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug-Store, corner of Court and Hanover Sts., near Center Hall, Boston, and by his special appointment, by E. Livermore, Norway Village, where the above may be had, together with all those valuable Medicines prepared by the late Dr. Conway; and by his special appointment, they may also be had of various Druggists, Booksellers, Postmasters, &c. throughout the country. None of these Medicines are genuine without the written signature of T. KIDDER, on the outside printed wrapper. e3p1y

THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.
DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, LEGAL, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES, BIOGRAPHICAL, RAPHY, POETRY, &c.
ISAAC C. PRAY, JR. EDITOR.
VOLUME III.
It will be issued in semi-monthly numbers, each containing eight large quarto pages of miscellaneous and interesting matter, printed on a royal sheet of fine paper, embellished, monthly, with a piece of music for the Piano Forte. A handsome title page and index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautiful printed volume of 208 pages. It will be forwarded—enclosed in strong wrappers—to any part of the United States, by the earliest mails.
Each number will be accompanied by a printed cover, filled principally with advertisements, and as much as possible with those of new books, works in press, &c.
TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Postmasters and Agents will receive six copies by sending ten dollars. All letters of business, and remittances must be directed to The Pearl, Hartford, Conn. Communications in all cases must be paid. **WILLIAM A. HAWLEY,** Publisher.
HARTFORD, AUG. 1833.